

# GREATNESS

HENRY OSTROM



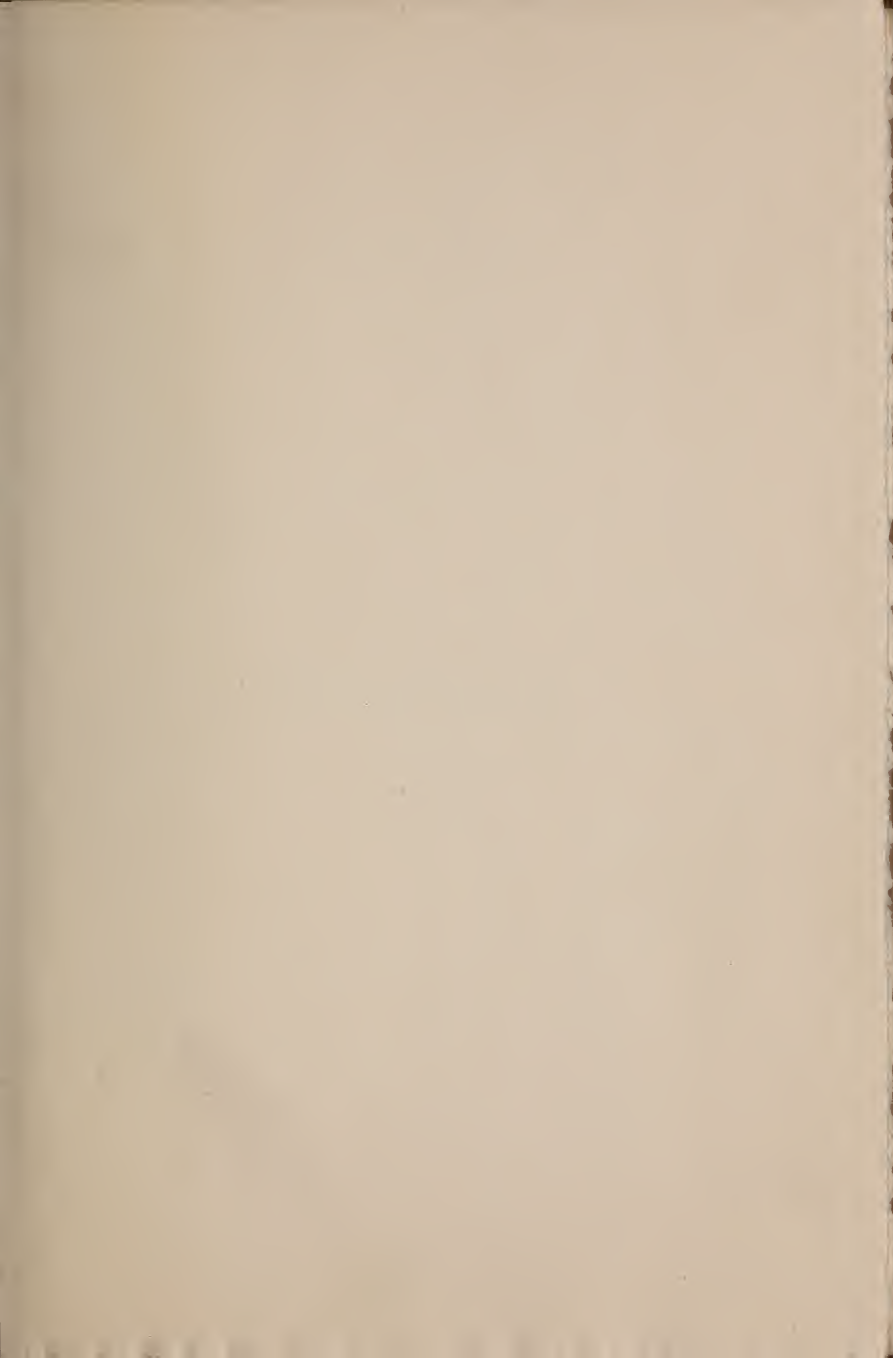


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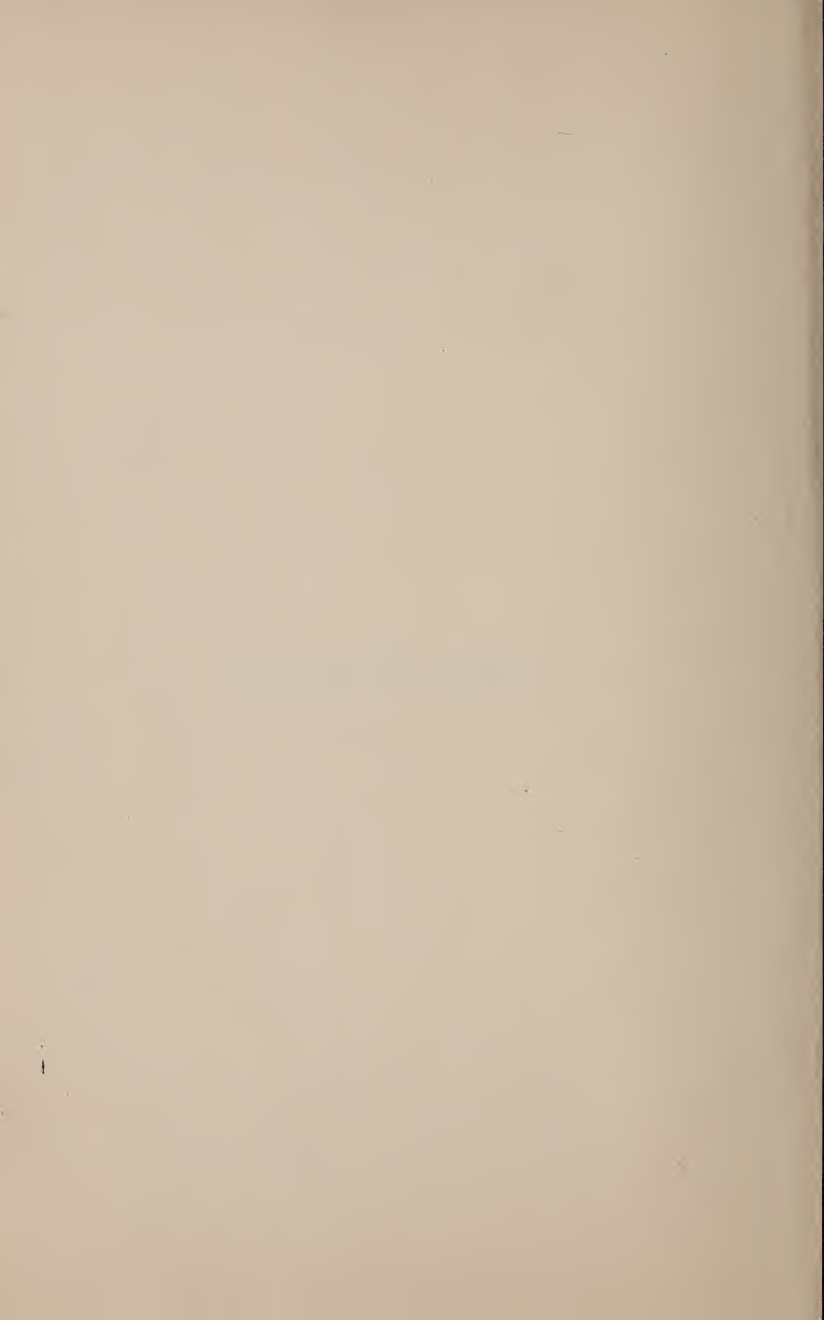
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# Greatness



# Greatness

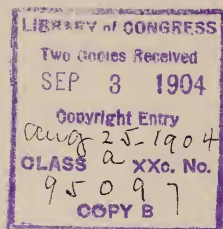
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## PREFACE

Before me as I gave forth the chapters of this book I have seen in imagination *the young man*, the busy, thoughtful and rather considerate, though faltering, young man. I have also seen *the young woman*, the studious, ambitious young woman, who doubts betimes the reliability of a godly mother's faith.

And I have seen *the eager person at mid-age* reading the newspaper and magazine and rushing on to the daily task or the night of amusement.

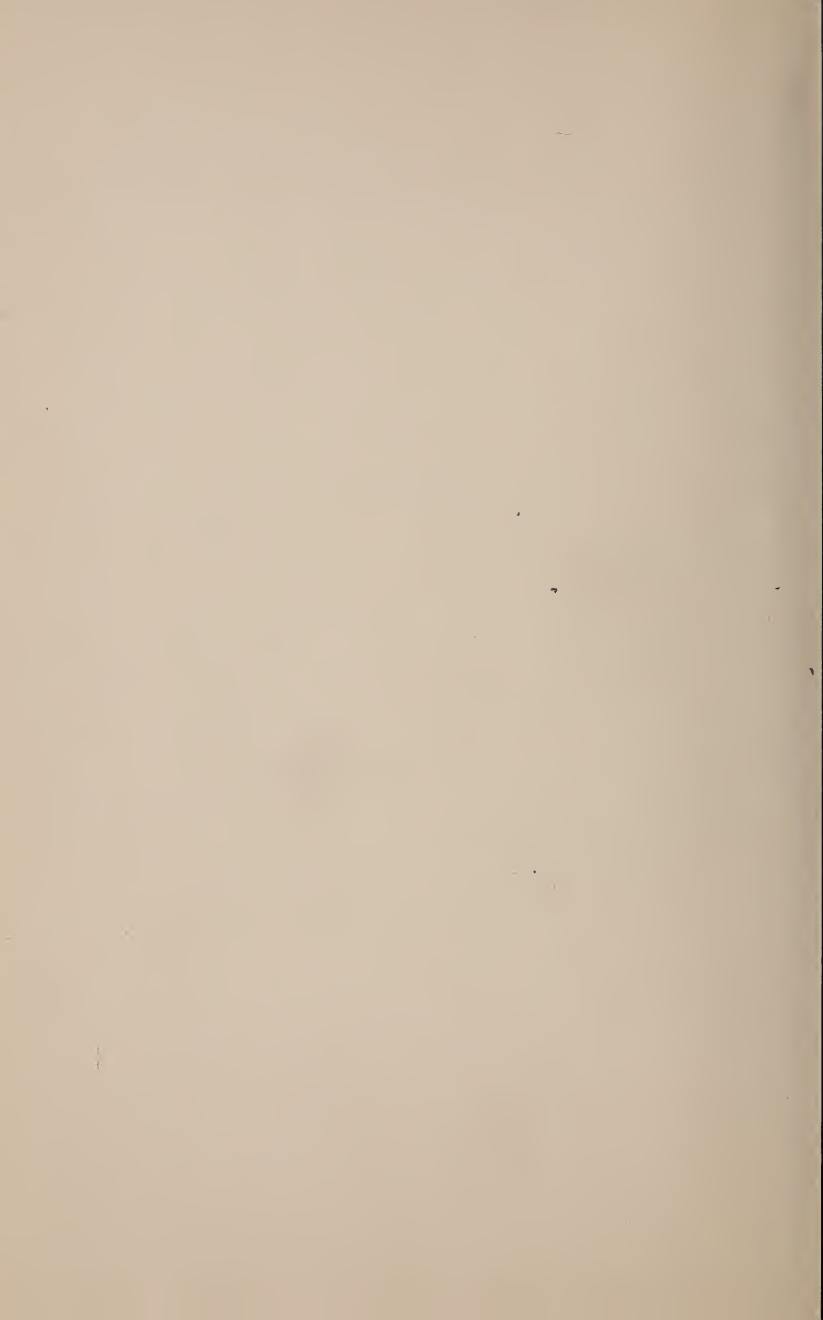
I have believed that God the Holy Spirit would use these pages clear beyond their impoverished merit to help such in the struggle for a higher standard of manhood and womanhood.

HENRY OSTROM.



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# Greatness

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## GREATNESS

**L**OWER the estimate of God and you lower the estimate of man. Lower the estimate of man and you will lower the responsibility of man. Lower the responsibility of man and you take the sting out of wrongdoing and the song out of right-doing. You cheapen life and make the door swing easier into suicide and shut it closer against reliable and noble living.

God, we admit, is great beyond all reckoning. Man may be either greater or less than our common estimate of him. God will be pleased and man will be helped by a high estimate. May the quality of moral character be improved proportionately to the raised standard.

What of this day when men and women freely call children "kids" and advise each other to "bet their lives"?

A little boy heard a missionary tell about a little African child being traded for a "kid" and it awakened him to opposition against that designation for children.

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The other expression seemed to be the only English with which a Chinese restaurant keeper out west could say "yes," for whenever asked a question he would answer "You bet your life." His scant knowledge of the English was evidenced in the slang which he could so readily find casting its blight over the every-day talk of the people.

By force of circumstance we are in danger of producing a kind of you-press-the-button grade of character in man to-day. Vest pocket editions are now on the market. We even have the Gospel in miniature. It is reported that a man in great America offered himself to be raffled. He would be the property of the lucky winner, and he would do whatever that unknown and untried person told him to do. The affair is mentioned only that a striking illustration of the littleness of man's estimate of his worth at the worst may appear. It is not exceptional. At the gaming table, with the fiery cup, under the sway of passion, and even in the thirst for wealth and fame, are not men doing this under guise every day?

Would God *stretch* man's estimate of himself? Is man larger than he thinks? And has there come a blight over man's sense of who he

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is, which makes him reckon himself small in the moral realm until his right deeds do not rate for their worth, nor his wrong deeds reveal to him their ruin?

Everywhere in the Bible man is represented as a great creature, excepting when he is distinctly contrasted with God. It takes that kind of a contrast to set him off. In that contrast he is the small dust of the balance, but, aside from that, his greatness becomes even the contemplation of God. Great enough is he to resist God, too great to be annihilated.

Strong men from the lower altitudes will find themselves dizzy in the mountain heights, because there the heart's action is increased many per cent. They will discover that in the lower country only about one-third their lung power is used. There may be very good reasons for carrying about with us the larger percentage of physical powers unused, but what if the larger percentage of one's spiritual powers is also idle? What if we have so reduced the estimate as to belittle our possibilities, and, consequently, our responsibilities? It appears that man, who was originally able to manage elephants and lions, is now afraid of a bee,

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while under excitement he can show remarkable muscular power, or in some cases of mental irregularity appear an intellectual marvel. What is normal capacity? We must shun the dupe of the spleen. We must not advocate indolence. Away with the standard of the hypochondriac. But what is the normal?

We say that there is always room at the top. But that view of man calls for the stress and strain of competition. It signifies the outdoing of the other person and all others, and you will have made of them your platform. Our quest is rather to find out what grade best fits man. Given only the readiness with which he falls into worry and discouragement and cowardice, one would be willing to conclude that the common lot overtaxes him. He is a child thrust into hardships suited only to a full-grown man, if not too taxing even for that.

Is that true? There is worry. Yes, but there is rest and peace. Discouragement? Yes, and joyful hope. Cowardice? Yes, faith and courage too.

When one considers the awful blight which falls upon the all-too-leisurely life, when one notes the tyranny of idleness, and the war prompted and fostered by indolence, the soul



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pants to slake its thirst from such by a draught in the swift and cleansed waters of the strenuous life.

*Work!* There is imperishable wealth in labor. Next to the grace of God in spiritual gifts, what gift to man is so priceless as work? It elevates the thought. It curbs the appetite. It harnesses the passions. It creates a panorama and fits its pleasing changes into each wakeful hour, and then almost outdoes itself with welcomed sleep. Even infants love to do things. Grown people are all strenuous. That will be accepted for the busy. What of the leisurely? Who labors so laboriously as the idle? To bury dead time, to slay the diseased dream, to allure the next excitement near, to defeat the haunting memory, to follow a wish till jaded to faintness and yet not have gotten out of the hammock during the whole chase, to eat mental hash until stupid and then be cheated by theories, to be dead-alive in an orange grove, or by mountain trail or brook, on hotel piazza or in private room—ah! is there any such taxing this side of eternal punishment? Indolent people cover their fingers with sugar and hold them by the devil's hive; busy people, if strong, are at

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least caught running, and their hands cuffing right and left, defeat some stingers. Even in occupation the normal does not appear to favor the less strenuous.

God is the "Most High." But man is high. He thinks around the world quicker than we can say it. He passes from grave to gay, or from loving to vicious, like lightning. Who can make him out? Who can show himself to him so that there are no hidden chambers left undiscovered?

When the Saviour said "Deny self," he would have but added to a dilemma had he not said also "Follow me." It will take Him to find us.

You undertake a search for self and you say, "I hear him. He is down in the basement." You hurry down the stairs and there he is, studying a bad picture or practicing anarchy with his secret powers. You wish to capture him, when lo, you hear him in the attic. Hurrying to the place, you find him spinning theories and refusing, even at the appeal of the Christ of God, to pray. You approach to take him, and now he is in the dining room eating and drinking—drunken, but when you draw near he has staggered to

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the porch, and is boasting in drunken tones of his own intellect and helpful deeds. Now you may capture him. But he is not himself. Tarry. For shortly he will sing or speak until thousands are swayed by his effort. Christ must find and capture the self we are to deny.

Pronounce a man sane and we will hold him responsible, even for neglect. Murder, theft, adultery, and the like, he must refuse, but he must also do what he can. If fearful, he will be classed with the abominable. A little boy, playing on the bridge, has fallen into the river. No one blames a horse in the pasture for the boy's drowning. No one says that the tree whose shadow screens the place is to blame, nor the bridge ten feet away. But the man who saw him drown will be asked, "Did you throw a rope, or did you call for help, or did you leap in to the rescue?" And he may say, "No, I had just nothing to do with it." That will implicate him at once. He is blamed and must be held responsible for not doing what he should have done. Even divorces are granted in the courts for non-support. In the parable of the talents and the great summing up of that twenty-fifth chapter of Matthew's Gospel, *neglect* is the enemy aimed at. Overt wrong

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is very wrong, but man is responsible for an appreciable estimate of his accountability. The man who hid the talent in the napkin pleaded that the Master was exacting, but his own words condemned him as guilty of discounting his responsibility—a condition which seems to be at the foundation of many wrong deeds to-day.

What man *may* be or *may* do, boldly affirms what he is. To be sure, that does not affirm what he *does*. But no responsible man lives who has not an outlook. His eyes are in the front of his head. He sees himself another man some day. Whether the picture be that of man writhing in defeat, or marching in triumph, it must precede him; it will beckon to him. It is his to-morrow. But only an unmanned man sees defeat as his beckoner. With unlimited possibilities along the open way before him, the true man (and all are responsible for being that) sees an enabling in the hand of every possibility. His range is the plan of the Infinite. He is an explorer, the sufficiency of whose guarantees never fail to equal the emergencies. And their duration is eternal. This could not be affirmed of any save a creature of greatness.

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Viewed under the dominion of law, as existing only, man's range is pitiable. Gravitation, duration, vegetation and ten thousand laws sway him as absolutely as they do the limb of a tree or a dog. But viewed as living and not only as existing, man within proper limits is the lord of law. He defies gravitation, he becomes historian and prophet with lightning-like dispatch, thus overtaking duration. The product of vegetation, poison to deadliness, he more than matches with an antidote. With a little lever he can master the sea, the lightnings, and the majestic tempest. That lever was shaped after the pattern and by the skill formerly wrapt in the might of the mind of the man.

May we not rightly condemn ourselves within the church for insulting both God and man by belittling human responsibility? Why, we have even publicly expressed the theory that the church when large and influential does by virtue of her very prosperity become endangered. What fads, what petty discussions, what formal time-markings have sickened the heart of many enthusiastic church members! And why do these things exist? Let it be remembered that "Follow

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thou me” is the best defeater of the mere question asking, “Lord, and what shall this man do?” If we had felt the force of the great Christian commission and had proceeded to carry it out as the disciples of the first century of the Christian era did, we would have been too busy for fads and petty discussions and too gloriously rapturous for bald formalities. How notably the business of the Christian to publish the Gospel of the Messiah to all people is set out by Jesus! Matthew’s Gospel has it near its conclusion. Mark’s has it. So has Luke’s. And John’s also. What “go” there is in it! And what scope!

“Go ye therefore and teach all nations” (Matthew).

“Go ye into all the world and preach the Gospel to the whole creation” (Mark).

“That repentance and remission of sins should be preached in his name among all nations” (Luke).

“That they all may be one; that the world may believe that thou hast sent me; as the Father hath sent me, *even so send I you*” (John).

Add to these Gospel commissions the Royal Proclamation of Acts 1:8: “Ye shall be



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witnesses unto me unto the uttermost parts of the earth."

We reckon up many things accomplished by the church, but in this one thing we clothe ourselves with shame, we have not made a business of carrying the Gospel to the heathen. By the hundred thousand these people who never heard of Jesus pay their money, take long journeys, buy the trinkets, obey the priests, help build the shrines, bathe, suffer, die. They want something. Their conduct signifies soul-hunger.

When a missionary told a Chinaman that God gave His Son to save us all, the Chinaman replied, "Preposterous! You tell me that the Son of God came to earth to save us all nineteen hundred years ago and we never heard of it; it cannot be."

Christian, to you and me, as to the Jews of old, are committed the oracles of God—the Gospel of Jesus the Saviour and King—to be preached in every nation for a witness. The peoples should have heard of it. We were created and redeemed that they might hear of it. We should have multiplied our efforts for this work by the thousands, then our petty performances would have been unknown. The

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great man with a great Gospel, carrying out a great commission, would not have done so little had he been better possessed of the significance of it all. A trifling estimate of man has made us talk wisely about heathen oddities; their feet, their finger-nails, their methods of greeting, and there they are, they to whom Jesus is no more really come than that twice two are a hundred and two to you. Oh, did we not know that such sorrow, such disappointment, such groping, such dearth, such death, represent the soul's call for just what the Christians' Gospel supplies? It is a great being tossed upon billows of need where his broken spar piteously calls for the Gospel ship. Man is so great that the Christian man must heave to and give free passage to this imperiled one. One? Nay, these hundreds of millions.



## Man in the Bible

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### MAN IN THE BIBLE

*Origin.*—That statement made in the first chapter of Genesis, “And the Lord said, Let us make man,” seems as if it were the climax to some great meditation. As if the Lord had resolved to carry out a plan quite in contrast with His other doings, He will now make man. Whatever theories of the origin of man may be advanced, we may well remember that no one of them does justice to man or reverence to God which fails to take note of this. There is enough of the extraordinary in the wording of this passage to outreach and overlap all accountings for man in the terms of “origin of species,” “descent of man,” or “ascent of man.” “And God said, Let us make man in our own image, after our likeness: and let him have dominion over the fish of the sea, and over the fowl of the air, and over the cattle, and over all the earth, and over every creeping thing that creepeth upon the earth.” Add to this the statement in Genesis 2:22: “Builted he a woman” (marginal reading).

*Early Equipment.*—It need not surprise us to hear in these later days of the testimony of

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buried cities, their tablets and buildings, their implements and trinkets bearing testimony to the scholarship and skill of Moses. The very names given to persons and to cities reveal a thought and an insight quite remarkable. Noah's resources as a manager and Adam's skill in naming the animals would make each a prodigy in our day.

*Early Distinction.*—Why should the early history of man record God's willingness to allow a plea for Sodom? A plea, too, in which the sayings of man are met by the changed sayings of God. That incident, let me say it reverently, suggests man's gaining his point over God. Fifty to forty-five, forty-five to forty, forty to thirty, thirty to twenty, twenty to ten,—five steps did Abraham take up into the claim which God honored. Though in contrast with God he was but dust and ashes, yet he is great enough in God's estimate for such bargain-seeking.

Moses, standing between the people and God, undertakes to claim the right to be assistant book-keeper for the government of the skies. For that matter, every man has something to do with that. Men to-day may not dream that the silent resolve leaves blank the space where

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their names should be recorded as loyalists to the Governor and Government of the universe. But Moses would either gain his plea, or else change the book-keeping—"If not, blot out, I pray thee, my name."

Every law and every promise given by God on the one side, and every sacrifice, every prayer, and every act of obedience on the other side, distinguished man as a party in a partnership where lightnings and thunders might be expected to frighten the timid. But man was too great to quite evade it. Of politics and arithmetic, of husbandry and law, of skill and prayer, he built the eminence from which he communed with God. To be sure, they were God's gifts, but man was great enough to be the object of their bestowing.

The announcement of the reasons for the flood is of such a character, that if it were set out quite alone we would be ready to conclude that man had become too resourceful to manage.

The changes in governmental order mentioned in the Old Testament reveal a problem which perplexes even to this day. Shall man assert harmony or anarchy; shall it be law or mob? Is he to be daylight or lightning stroke, cheery fire-place or holocaust?

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*Estimates.*—We are being prepared for the statement of the eighth Psalm, “Thou hast made man but little lower than God.” The breath he breathed into man’s nostrils begins to rouse our thought as if it had become a cyclone. Read from that Psalm. (Psalm 8, verses 2, 5, 6, 7, 8.)

But what shall we say when we get to the eighty-second Psalm and hear it declared, “Ye are gods,” our thoughts bearing us to the tenth of John’s Gospel, where Jesus defending His own duty quotes this text and applies it to men?

One sufferer of Gadara is so capacious that the legion of devils cast out of him is sufficient to affect three thousand hogs, while it is recorded that one woman had been the habitation of seven devils. But she, after all that, mounted to distinction.

Note the figures used to represent man. He is not a threshold, he is a temple of the Holy Spirit. He is a building of God.

When we read John 14:2, “In my Father’s house are many mansions,” what roomy and splendid dwelling places we picture in our minds! But in verse twenty-three the very same word for mansions is used again. There

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man is the mansion, for Jesus says of the man who loves Him, "My Father will love him and we will come to him and make our *mansion* with him."

God is said to dwell in man and (as if to add to the extension of size) he is to *walk* in them. Wilson translates the passage, "Ye are God's husbandry, ye are God's field." The Saviour estimates him against the whole world.

[It would seem admissible to add here an extract from the Book of Ecclesiasticus, 47th chapter, 15th verse, referring to Solomon's wisdom, "Thy soul covered the whole earth."]

No wonder the Saviour should open His thought of man to us so fully on the last great day of that Feast of Tabernacles, to picture man's capacity so great that rivers of living water should flow out of *any* man who drinks from Him. As in counting, the thought expands, going from the lesser to the greater—one, two, three, four, five—so go from drops of water to tricklings, from tricklings to the little streams, from the little streams to the meadow brooks, the great creeks and to the rivers. With the Jordan, the Tigris and Euphrates and the Nile so near, we can gain

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quite surely the picture in Jesus' mind when He said, "Out of him shall flow rivers." He would not call any stream a river which would excite the humorous comment, because a fair consideration would pronounce it only a big creek. It is also in the plural, two rivers, and how many more? If man's nature is a continent, there are several rivers included in the make-up of each continent on this earth.

Man in the Gospel is called to be a servant of God, a friend of God, an heir of God, a son of God, a King and a Priest unto God, more than conqueror and a partaker of the divine nature. For him God is a seeker, and at the door of his heart God knocks before he enters.

Here man is commanding. It is customary for us to admit the truth, so verified by history, that the law is above us and beyond us, but this must not crowd from our thoughts the truth that it was given to us. A parent does not give commands to an infant. The greater the responsibility the sturdier the commands—as on shipboard and in armies—and God, addressing man in the ever striking words, "Thou shalt" and "Thou shalt not," must be speaking to a great capability, or else



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the expression is an exaggeration. And Christ's "But I say unto you," with what follows it, is a sturdy associate of the expressions "Thou shalt" and "Thou shalt not."

When in the old Jewish order God demands of men certain offerings and tithings, and in the New Testament, with more appealing emphasis, demands of him his whole being, there is ample reason for the procedure. Man can give, or refuse.

Those pledges of God that on certain conditions—which man can carry out—certain results will be granted by Him, set forth God as treating with man in the terms of a contract. "Come now, let us reason together" is almost a language of equality; how startlingly condescending! "Come unto me" is, in the spirit of a plea, great enough to be the subject of a promise. It presignifies greatness enough to receive the result of it when God is the promiser.

Even the note of warning has with it the impending penalty. Man is beyond the kindergarten; he becomes a culprit. Along the great highways where character may overcome, there is heard echoing and re-echoing the

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message from the lips of infinite Holiness,  
“Walk before me and be thou perfect.”

Who is that great and radiant one in the perfected kingdom of the perfect King? That is man. He it is who “shall shine forth as the sun.” Who hath ears to hear, let him hear.



## The Great Sinner

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### THE GREAT SINNER

*Wrong Bent.*—Even little children require to be warned not to steal, or be cruel, or tell falsehoods. They do not require to be warned not to be too kind, or too true.

In methods of teaching and of transportation, and of business generally, as well as in the design of our homes, the food we eat and the way we dress, we accept and adopt the most accredited discovery of progress; otherwise the streets would be full of oxen and jumpers, or carts; the homes would be huts, and the garments and decorations as of days long gone by. Instead, we have the swift car, the rubber tire, the commodious home, the modern garment.

But in moral action, we do wrong just as they did centuries ago. The man becomes intoxicated just as Noah did. He tells a falsehood just as Abraham did. We sin old-fashioned. Books have been written by the million on how to live right. The Bible has survived its millions of antagonists. Penalties for wrong-doing have been meted out in prison and on scaffold. Schools and colleges and

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universities have theorized on how to live, and the graduates have come forth by the thousand: and yet, children take other children's pencils at school; little girls get jealous of the color of other little girls' hair; little boys fight over the honor and distinction of their respective fathers, and grown people break covenants and die in shame; and this, now and again, even among the immediate descendants of the godly.

Is it correct to say that man is good if you will only draw him out? Is it true that there is an angel in every man? If there is, it seems hard to hatch it out. Men do have better moments; higher thoughts nestle in the spring days of better desire in our intellects. Nevertheless, how long will you require to draw a lemon's juice before you get sugar? When men admire the better and the best, they are just getting ready to regret that they had not reached them.

If you should go down a dark highway before me bearing a brightly lighted lantern, it would show the way to me, but it would be your light. Now, "Christ is the true light that lighteth every man that cometh into the world," but it is His light. I have heard this teaching called the "doctrine of prevenient

## The Great Sinner

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grace." If God is so gracious that He will shed the light upon my dark life, why should I proudly assume that the light is my own, though I do not hold the lantern, nor have I paid the price for it, nor do I seem able to carry it one step even after I have made a resolve to do so? Ah, man's tendency is wrongward, but God is after us. Man is greatness diseased; he is greatness gone wrong.

"Why are you so naughty?" inquired the grandmother of the little child.

"God made me naughty," came the prompt answer.

"No, my dear, God does not make children naughty."

"Then the angels made me naughty," the child declared.

"No, darling, the angels do not make people naughty."

Her answer was ready. She said naïvely, "I guess it must be in the blood."

*Alienated.*—Man has gone far from home; so far, that for long spaces of time he forgets God, his Creator. He should properly recognize God as his Father, but in the majesty of his rebellion it must be said of him, "You are of your father, the Devil." "*If God*

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were your Father, ye would love me." Swift through the spaces of his vast stamping ground he makes his way, in collusion with a rebel government. The Master calls him to be a son of the Highest, and the great Apostle says that he may become a child of the Lord God Almighty. But, as it is, he will have to turn his face toward Him and start forth, tugging at his ragged garments, admitting his shame, and in the presence of the Infinite feel hardly fit to be a servant, before he can confidently say, "Father—Father, I have sinned."

*Man is Guilty.*—His conduct must not be classified as a slip, or a mishap, which should be excused upon condition of his not having meant it. He is great enough to be true. The courts of a country hold that to be true, and he is great enough to be either acquitted or condemned. Being a rebel, he is condemned. That shaking of his frame when he is aroused to the realization of his guilt must be accounted for by something powerful within. Powerful, indeed, it is; so powerful that it will discharge the fountain of tears, turn sleep out of the dominion of his life, rack the nerves, fill the air with wailing, and slay a Judas. Yesterday,

## The Great Sinner

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Jesus called him friend and took his kiss; to-day, guilt has crushed him.

When the westerner left his gambling and vicious living and became a convert to Christ, it is said that some old associates, who were fond of his witty stories, hired a man to go upon his lawn and tell him the base things he had done and call him hard names, and jeer at the religious profession he had made. They said, "If we can get him to lose his temper, he will come back to us and give us more of his funny stories."

But after the wretch had delivered himself of his words on the lawn, the convert called out: "That's so, Jake; that's so, only you haven't told half of it. If you should talk all day you could not say enough. I am a worse sinner than any man could tell. Since the searchlight of God has been turned onto my life I have seen it; but, oh! Christ has saved me from it."

Yes, the wrong has broken forth. The deed has been done. Its influence, like a rolling snowball on a wet day, seems to gather as it goes, and regrets will not make the fact any less real—man is a great sinner. Deceptive, fraudulent, conceited, daring, law-breaking,

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hell-tending; this is man, as he is not unfrequently seen to go.

It will not do to lightly pass over the Scripture statement by saying, "That is poetry."

The would-be leader who suggests that a considerable percentage of the Scriptures is exaggeration, will leave his teaching when he considers the eagerness with which God enters into the conflict against the sin of this great creature, man. Blood, and fire, and pain, and tears, and sighs, and groans, and death, are not in this book underscored for effect. They stand out not one whit inflated, to answer the consuming question, What shall be done to save this great creature, man?

Those old hymns beginning, "A charge to keep I have;" "There is a fountain filled with blood;" "Oh! where shall rest be found?" and "I come, thou wounded Lamb of God," are not exaggerations. They are the cry of the Philippian jailer put to music, and it does not always require an earthquake to prompt their expression.

I am thinking that the average reader, standing before a judge and jury in a courtroom, would rather be pronounced capable and guilty, than semi-imbecile.



## The Great Sinner

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The Bible represents a relentless struggle for which account could never be given without the admission of the awful fact of human sin. Here "wrong," that is, "wrung," represents the violence with which man has been wrenched out of uprightness. Here "sin," that is, "missing the mark," represents his defect and defeat. The word "transgression," that is, "going out of the path," in one breath utters a limitless history of wandering. And in "iniquity," that is, "twisted out of right form," we see the majesty in ruins.

This it is which displays the great creature *man* as drunken, adulterous, thievish, idolatrous, blasphemous, thankless, murderous, hypocritical, disobedient, wrecked.

This it is which has left its blot upon the records of such potent characters as Moses, David, Daniel and Paul, Miriam, Hannah, Mary and Martha, until the most distinguished man of the group quotes in his Epistle the withering comment, "All have sinned."





## The Great Saviour

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### THE GREAT SAVIOUR

He shall be great. He shall be called Wonderful. Thou hast given Him a name which is above every name. The Christ, the Son of the living God. Jesus Christ, the same yesterday and to-day and forever. King of kings and Lord of lords. My Lord and my God.

*Not from the earth.*—Jesus came from above. Fakirs, wonder workers and prophets struggle up into prominence, battling against obstacles within and without. But not so with Jesus. He descended. As the shining down of an orb He came, a light into the world. Men, and even the mightiest of men, come forth upon the earth, and are of the earth. Man springs up to action. He came down and was made flesh. John 3:13; John 6:38.

*Not struggling after existence.*—From the time of the boyhood of Jesus, when His parents found Him composedly in the Temple, until His calm pronouncement, "Peace be unto you," after His resurrection, there is a marked absence of the struggle so common to man, and a marked presence of the sense of com-

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petency in the midst of adverse conditions. There is enough of the element of conflict to bring Him near to us in our struggle, but there is ever with it a distinguishing relief, signifying sufficiency, supremacy in the presence of the conflict. Take the account of the temptation, for instance. His replies are all classics of composure.

He disdains bargain-making for gain, and while he passes away from the crowd rather than be thrown over the precipice, it is that the TIME for so great a transaction of mercy as that which engages him shall be fully allowed. He exhibits miraculous complacency in the storm at sea, in the midst of the hungry multitude, in the presence of Pilate and in numerous other instances. While we cannot but view with deepest interest the agony of Gethsemane and of Calvary—that mystery of sacrifice and redemption—yet preceding it He calmly declares, “I lay down my life of myself. I have power to lay it down and I have power to take it again.” In the midst of it He refuses to call for the help of either men or angels, and after it there is an evident absence of any excited interest in making the people believe that He has risen from the dead. There is a kind of

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usualness about His conduct which bears in upon human judgment like the sunlight breaking into day. The waves of the sea, the products of the land, the dealings with enemies, the falseness of former friends, fail to reveal confusion on His part. You cannot picture Him wry-faced in the storm, or wincing under the glare, or nonplused in an undertaking. Does He sigh? It is in sympathy with human need. Does He groan? It is for a like purpose. Does He weep? The prompting is the same. And this alone can answer for Gethsemane and Calvary, for which He says He came. Mark 4:40; John 11:25; John 16:33.

*Not conscious of deficiency.*—The mountain-peak men of history, as their characters rise up above the common landscape and foot-hills of the human, declare their consciousness of defect.

Note what Confucius says of himself: "The wise man and the man of virtue—how dare I rank myself with them? It may simply be said of me that I ever strive to improve, and that I never grow weary of teaching others. I may be equal to other men in knowledge of literature, but I have failed to reach the character of a

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superior man, one who carries out in his conduct what he teaches. These are the things which cause me fear: that I do not properly cultivate virtue; that I do not discuss thoroughly what I learn; that I am unable to act with righteousness when I know it; and that I am not able to change that which is not good. I am not one who was born wise."

But Jesus never expresses a consciousness of moral defect. Wrongs there are all around Him in the hearts of the people, but none in His. Standing in the presence of Pilate, there is not only no consciousness of deficiency, but He unrolls the scroll, bright with oncoming splendors, until you can read a future without a flaw.

In the presence of sin He is so actually not of it that He will say, "Your sins are forgiven you," or, "Go and sin no more," with the apparent restfulness and composure manifested by a mother who would say to her boy, "Your face is clean. Be home early." With what abandon He speaks of foxy Herod!

In the presence of devils, He declares that it requires but the use of the finger to cast them out. Matthew 28:18; John 8:29; 17:2.

*Not a Dreamer.*—The noted patriarchs and

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prophets of the Old Testament dreamed. They saw visions and undertook to interpret them. Jacob dreamed; Joseph dreamed; Ezekiel dreamed, but Jesus is no dreamer. He talks of affairs considered unusual and occult, but with a quiet familiarity and a native sense of understanding entirely apart from the dreamer. What a change it would make if it were written, "I dreamed," instead of "I say unto you," or if we must bury His expression, to substitute for it, "This is a vision I have had."

With Him truth is evidently first-hand. No wonder, then, He says, "I speak that which I have seen with my Father," and "I am the truth."

In Christendom the Shakespeare, the Cromwell, the Washington and the Lincoln—these seem not to have even intended themselves to be the forge where the heat was generated, but, rather, the sparks from the anvil; but Jesus is both forge and heat and sparks. John 3:11; Matthew 5:27, 34, 39, 44; John 7:15, 46; Matthew 7:29.

*Without Fault.*—What might there is in the fact that it can be stated that there has appeared among us one clothed in our flesh,

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looking out of human eyes, eating and drinking as a man, against whom not a single criticism can be uttered! Not a single criticism? Not one.

Permit me to call your attention, reader, to the incident in the Pharisee's house, when the sinful woman drops tears upon His feet, and allows her flowing hair to brush over them, and kisses them repeatedly, and there is not a hint of a suggestion of inordinate conduct on His part, but, rather, there is the statement, "Thy sins are forgiven thee;" as if there had not been a movement in His body to anything inordinate prompted by that woman's conduct. His great, pure, faultless character deals with a wrong of her character, pronounces her pardoned, and sends her away blessed. This is unlike man. Luke 23: 4, 41; I Peter 2: 22; John 8: 46; 15: 25; Isa. 53: 9.

*Not a Mystifier.*—The fakir and the policy-monger calls to his aid the schemes of the mystifier. Conjuring, trickery and probably hypnotism have been wrought in India, for instance, for ages, and in the name of religion. Befogged with mystery, the wonder-workings of the Hindu have held the interest and devotion of the ten thousands. It has been



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sought to transplant them even to America. Is it possible to transplant them without transplanting also their consequences? Consequences verily belching with terror to intelligence, to womanhood, to children and to that honor due the crystalline truth which Jesus freely gives.

In contrast with all this mystifying, Jesus illuminates, opens, explains, illustrates, exemplifies. To be sure, the inner truth will only be revealed to the truth cherishers. Truth rejecters, seeing, shall not see. But to the truth seeker He is so ready to guarantee that nothing shall be done in a corner that He declares, "If it were not so, I would have told you." With an openness and plainness entirely opposed to the mystifier He says, "Learn of me." And as if determined to illuminate and inform us to the utmost, He promises the Holy Spirit will guide us into all truth when He finds us unable to bear more during His ministry among us in the flesh. Behold here the great Truth-discloser. Matthew 10: 26, 27; John 14: 2; 17: 8.

*The Principle Imparter.*—Leaders of religious thought in Asia, and elsewhere, provide for shrines, issue calls to certain waters, build



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about their wonder workings communities where men sell trinkets and charms and idols, but Jesus, though of Jewish extraction, turns away from even the Temple, that masterpiece of material construction for holy worship, and makes it plain that wherever a heart will be pure, the object of His teaching and life is being fulfilled. With one lift extraordinary, He places principle above all material things and exalts truth above wonder working. His signs are worked as the shoulders to lift truth up into sight, rather than as the results of truth themselves exalted to view. Matthew 23:23; John 4:21, 25.

*The Sin Defeater.*—Men there have been who have gone down into poverty and sore trial out of sympathy for their fellow men in sin. They have been the means of arousing people to a sense of the horrors of sin. But it is the claim of Jesus that He meets and defeats sin. When some man of our race endures much because of the distress of the people around about him, we say, how kind, how pathetic! But when Jesus lives and teaches, and dies and rises again, we say in the presence of this offering for guilt and sin, how mighty! Given His word and it is forgiveness. Given His

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blood and it is cleansing. Given His promised Spirit and it is empowering. Without sin Himself, He meets it and defeats it. Mark 2:10; I John 3:5, 8.

*The Death Defeater.*—Ninety-nine men out of every hundred would refuse to write the account of the resurrection as the Gospels give it. There is such an utter absence of trying to make out the case. We would say, leave out the journey to Emmaus; leave out the statement that Mary did not instantly know Him. It is the mountain peak insuperable in history. Have it moulded and shaped like a post out of a lathe. But not so the account. Men act everyday-like. Men tell the incident as if they were so committed to telling the truth, that they would let it out if it incriminated them. The napkin is folded. No matter how much the saying so does away with the element of dashiness. The angel sits on the stone. No matter how much the saying of this reduces the excitement element. Thomas refuses to believe. No matter how much the narrating of it postpones the establishing of the evidence of the fact. Peter stands forth and declares the victory of Jesus over death, his life in his hand, as if he knew

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no better. Could he know any better? Those men and those women stay by the fact. But they gained no money. They received no congratulations. Homes were not opened to them. What do they mean? It is explained, "He is risen."

Go in your observations over the earliest history of man down to the time of the claim of His resurrection, then begin this very hour and go back through modern and medieval history, and stand by that same fact, and account for what has been heard and seen on either journey, if you deny the resurrection of Jesus Christ from the dead. Matthew 16:21; John 10:18; 11:26.

*A Consideration.*—So safe was the very infancy of Jesus that to have been born under conditions of such adequate protection as He would be a guarantee of growing up to manhood. Did the reader ever dream that His birth was associated with such provisions? Do you not feel that your babyhood would be safe, even crowded out of the inn with Him? With Him, what castle would ever substitute for that without Him? What army of protectors would ever equal that without him? Oh, the angel song, the visit of the magi—the fury

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of Herod—these combined do not more than hint at the distinction of Jesus' birth and infancy. Matthew 2:16, 23.

*World-wide Dominion.*—Standing there on that little strip of land at the head of the Mediterranean Sea, He claims dominion wide as the race. Rome holds Palestine; the proud eagles are everywhere; the taxes are collected by Rome. But up over Rome and Greece, and all the progress of the past ages, He extends His hand and says to His followers, "You shall be witnesses unto me in Jerusalem, and in all Judea and Samaria, and unto the *uttermost parts of the earth*. Go ye into all the world, and preach the gospel to the whole creation." Without a home, without personally writing a literature, without turning out inventions, without being known as an extensive traveler, He says: "Go ye and make disciples of all the nations, baptizing them in the name of the Father and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost." Luke 24:47; Acts 1:8.

*Master of the Centuries.*—We know what it is to see crises in morals and in industries. When crises which verge upon peril appear in nations, we are astonished and affrighted. When some great question becomes so agitated

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that collision is imminent, and no one has arisen to speak the quieting word or solve the difficulty, the community wavers like the tag on a door key.

But Jesus meets the crises of the world for all time. We hear much of the age of religions, but you cannot properly credit the character of Jesus unless you credit Him as slain before the foundation of the world. That ought to be antiquity enough for any of the human. When, however, He comes in His day and ushers in the wealth of His mind by the use of the word "Christian," then the extent of His supremacy above the calendar dawns upon us. And the ages do not bury Him. He rises and overcomes all. The less or more harmful impostors but serve to establish this.

It seems that in later times there has taken root in the Anglo-Saxon mind the thought that whatever men intend to do for the bad or the worse, the hope of salvation is in the teaching of Jesus. And the Japanese, with percentages of the population of other Asiatic countries, though they may but keep the fifth line from the great plain headline of Christly teaching (after the student has gotten the

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writing to run crooked and the letters to be irregular), yet they want, to say the least of it, the results of Christian civilization. The late Dr. John Henry Barrows, after his return from the Haskell lecture engagement in India, assured us repeatedly that the more prominent thought of India would subscribe to the statement that, with its idols tumbling and its hoary religions outgrown, Jesus alone could answer the Hindu want.

Let the reader note that in the year of our Lord 1903, Miss Sorabjee, a Mohammedan woman, appeared unveiled and in modern dress upon the platform in Bombay, and declared that in a population of sixty million Mohammedans only four thousand girls are now attending school, and added that such a condition was a disgrace to the members of the Mohammedan church. It is said that this is the first time that a Mohammedan woman ever made an address before a public assembly of Mohammedans in India, because custom requires Mohammedan women to conceal their faces. And this occurred with many men present.

The capitalist says that Jesus will regulate capital affairs. The laborer says if we will



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really adopt his teachings and principles, harmony is brought into the ranks of industry.

Principles without locality or formality; the principles of Jesus. The telescope may develop; they are applicable. Communication over vast spaces, with or without wire, may go on; they fit their places. Transportation by rail, or in water or air, may be provided on any prairie, out over any frozen sea, up into any inlet; these principles make themselves at home in the common heart of surrendered man. And the changing of moons, the exploding of worlds, the discovery of new systems or the use of new methods, only serve to proclaim Him still, Jesus, the Master of the Centuries. John 17:5; Heb. 13:8.

*Saviour of the World.*—No other character combines these two majesties in one. Master and Saviour! There may be a friendly master, or a masterful friend; but even that is hardly considered safe outside of the fences of defended personal rights. But Jesus is this, and more. He is the Saviour Master, and the Master Saviour. It never would be consented to, were it not that His name is Love. But that granted, He masters us until we feel honored to be but a hair on His foot, and He



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saves us until nothing else will do than for us to be conformed to His likeness and share His throne. He will have the last crevice in the wall of the basement of our beings, or the little crack between the roof boards of the attic, but He will dissipate the peril from the one, and fill with purity the other. The Overseer, the Superintendent, the Manager, the Master of thy soul is He; the Friend, the Welcomer to the household, the Confidant, the Brother, the Christ.

With Him the white and the black, the aged and the young, the learned and the ignorant; male and female, bond and free—the world—all are the subject of His loving offer. John 3:16; I John 2:1, 2; Gal. 3:28.

*Friendliness without Policy.*—Jesus shocks the Jews with His devotion to friendliness. At the marriage in Cana, in the sinner's house, with the little children, at the grave of Lazarus, calling His followers "friends" (even Judas at the hour of betrayal *that*), saying to Mary, "I ascend unto my Father and to your Father"—these are a few of the exhibitions of friendship for which in His very busy life He seems ever to have found leisure, though lacking leisure to eat. And yet where

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is there the slightest tinge of policy on all this glorious expanse of friendliness?

He is radical in contrast with Jewish formalities.

He rebukes and condemns even the government.

He pays the tax, but manifests His supremacy over the claim for tax by the way He finds the money for it.

He is the Teacher above Moses before the multitude.

He meets the young man's complimentary address with "Why callest thou me good?"

He is a King before Pilate.

He is the possessor of "all power" after His resurrection.

Surely this is the unpolitic—the true friend of man. Matthew 26: 50; Luke 7: 36, 50.

*The Highest and the Lowest.*—Men rise to distinction in business, literature, statesmanship, or as reformers and religious leaders, but Jesus starts with distinction. He proceeds as ruler of the church, ruler of the Sabbath, and as superseder of Elijah, Lord of David, Master of Moses, and the answer to the longings of prophets and kings for centuries.

And yet He shares with us His broiled fish

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and honeycomb, He gathers His lunch in the wheat fields, and we feel that His hunger went deeper than all our hunger, His weariness was greater than all ours; and to be spit upon, scourged, mocked and slain—we never can suffer so that that will not have been greater than what we endure.

If some distinguished man should come to our community to preach to us day and night for a month, rooming in the livery barn and making a pile of hay his bed, how we would counsel him, to persuade him that he must not try to do the work with such inconveniences, he would take cold; besides, the public comment would not endure such treatment of such a man. But Jesus comes to our cattle kahn. He says, "I will be poor, hungry, weary, smitten, slain; I will taste the dregs of the cup of your sorrow for sin."

How He persists in carrying out this plan of fond mercy! They cannot coax Him out of our stable-like lowliness. They cannot hire Him out. They cannot frighten Him out. In Him, the Highest becomes the lowest, the Son of God the elder brother of erstwhile thieves and wretches. Matthew 11:29; John 10:30; Philippians 2:7.

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*Pre-Incarnate.*—Jesus is not an after-thought. It is He by whom the Eternal made the worlds. By Him were all things made. He had glory with the Father before the world was. Abraham could well rejoice to see the day of Him who could say, “Before Abraham was *I am*.” “He also himself likewise took part of the same flesh and blood as the children.” Deny His pre-existence and you must deny His post-existence. Ante-Bethlehem and post-Olivet stand together. He is before all things and by Him all things consist. Antiquity is the shadow of His garment, who is “the same *yesterday* and to-day and forever.” That yesterday indeed.

[Note.—Who is the Angel Jehovah visiting Hagar in Genesis 16: 9, 10, 13? Who is wrestling with Jacob in Genesis 32: 24-30? Who is the Angel, the Redeemer, of whom Jacob speaks when more advanced in years, mentioned in Genesis 48:16? Who is the Angel of God’s presence mentioned in Isaiah 63: 9?]

*The Messiah.*—The Messiah has come. Matthew has not gotten through with the message of the second chapter of his Gospel, without associating Jesus four times with Old

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Testament prophecy. Even the chief priests and scribes are telling Herod that Bethlehem is to be the birthplace of the Shepherd-Governor. Paul says that Moses and the prophets did say that Christ must suffer, and by the resurrection of the dead should proclaim light both to the people and the Gentiles. Enemies and friends thus associate Jesus with the Old Testament prophecy. The Messiah has come. To us has spoken the prophet like unto Moses. The hope of centuries has become fruition. The offering has been made once for all. Behold the Lamb of God! When, one day, I said to a Jew that I did not desire to argue with him, and I certainly would not intend to persecute him, but would he tell me why the Jewish people had ceased to offer sacrifices as of old, he appeared confused and said that he could not account for it. Then I told him that he might reject if he would, but he would some day know that Jesus fulfilled the sacrificial programme of the Old Testament. Jesus is the sacrifice toward which it all pointed. The Messiah has come. Matthew 16:16; John 4:26.

*Coming Again.*—What an absence of geographical difficulty characterizes the words

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of Jesus and of His close followers as He speaks of both heaven and earth! There is not the slightest expression of a gaze into the misty space. "He was and is to come." "The Lord himself shall descend from heaven." "Looking for that blessed hope and the glorious appearing of the great God and our Saviour Jesus Christ." "Even so come, Lord Jesus; come quickly." The better is yet before us. The glorious hope transcends the blessed realization. We have had the dawn. O my soul, picture the noon. Journeyings upon the highways of thought leading up to Him will be over. In some golden sense He will have arrived. He must reign. Arguments for His messiahship will be concluded, for as the lightning lighteneth out of one part of heaven unto the other, so shall the coming of the Son of Man be. Every eye shall see Him and they that pierced Him. For we have not followed cunningly devised fables when we made known unto you the power and coming of our Lord Jesus Christ. He hath said it, "I will come again and receive you unto myself." The story has hardly started yet. We cannot quite say that our wealth is all in the afterwards. But what an infinity the future holds



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for Jesus' friends! John 14:3; Acts 1:11; Acts 30:20, 21.

*When Jesus Speaks.*—1. In the miracle at Cana Jesus speaks thirty-one words, nine directly on the miracle and only six explicit.

[Note.—“Fill the waterpots with water.” John 2:7.]

2. In the healing of the nobleman's son, Jesus speaks sixteen words; six are definite.

[Note.—“Go thy way, thy son liveth.” John 4:50.]

3. In the draught of fishes Jesus speaks twenty-one words; thirteen are direct.

[Note.—“Launch out into the deep and let down your nets for a draught.” Luke 5:4.]

4. In the healing of the leper Jesus speaks thirty-six words; only five are direct.

[Note.—“I will; be thou clean.” Matthew 8:3.]

5. In the stilling of the sea Jesus speaks thirteen words; but three are direct.

[Note.—“Peace be still.” Mark 4:39.]

6. In the curing of the demoniac of Gadara, Jesus speaks thirty-four words; only one is direct.

[Note.—“Go.” Matthew 8:32.]

7. To Peter on the water.



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[Note.—“Come.” Matthew 14:29.]

*The Supreme Redeemer.*—Jesus is Heaven's best to bring us to our best. No man could be pure enough, or strong or wise enough, to do for us what is needed to be done. No angel is swift or faultless or competent enough to answer our startling need of help. In Jesus there is asserted God's exhaustive plan for man. This is enough. Even Jesus “shall be satisfied” with this. Upon the earth, whose fruits and flowers so lavishly ripen and sweeten for you and me, the great transaction of the universe has taken place. Even the final judgment cannot transcend this in greatness, for judgment has been committed to Him and because He is “the *Son of Man*.” Authority either in scope or duration cannot transcend this, for “to Him every knee shall bow” and the supremacy of government shall be realized in “the Lamb which is in the midst of the throne.” Creation did not equal this, for there He spake and it was done, but in this there is conflict so persistent that He is done—done to the death; but there is victory so sufficient that to the whole race, as a free gift, it is offered by this victor over death. Where are the sweat, the tears, the sighs, the groans,

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the death in creation? Here they tell of a transaction issuing so splendidly that human hearts through it utter their praise and exult in the grandeur of their victory, with angels accompanying in the jubilation as only the morning stars were said to do there.

Lo, He is the first and the last, the alpha and omega, as if all literature properly spelled out by the use of the alphabet should pay its tribute to Him whose greatness never originated within the periods of humanly reckoned time, and when human greatness in Him shall have come to its fuller realization, He will yet be Jesus Christ, the same yesterday and to-day and forever. Matthew 10:28; Isaiah 5:3.

To sum up, let us look in contrast at the pretender, the fakir or other deceiver.

He is not from the earth. They are surely not from above.

He struggles not after existence. Theirs is a long, hard struggle.

He is not conscious of deficiency. With them defect dogs their weary steps at every turn in the road.

He is not a dreamer. Dreaming and guessing are chronic with them.

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He is no mystifier. Glamour is the chief stock in trade with them.

He is without fault. Where does their fault end?

He is the principle imparter. They make much of place and form.

He is the sin defeater. The best they can do is to awaken an awful sense of sin.

He is the death defeater. They are captives of death.

His is world-wide dominion. Theirs is local usurpation.

He is master of the centuries. In antiquity they are distanced by Him and their future is doomed.

He is the Saviour of the world. They promote ruinous caste.

He is friendly without policy. They are policy men and where is their friendliness?

He compasses the highest and the lowest. They are never high and their lowness is a fall.

He is from eternity. They are of this morning.

He is the Messiah. There is but one.

He is coming again. They are passing away forever.

He is the supreme Redeemer. They have no merit with which to redeem.

## Humility

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### HUMILITY

If you had a position as an elevator boy in a hotel and the alarm of fire was sounded when you stood in your elevator at the first floor, what would Humility prompt you to do? Would it be to run to the street for safety, or to run the car down to the basement for self-abasement, or would it be to speed up to the sixth story and rescue inmates of the burning building? Remember, we are not asking what would be the brave thing to do, or what would be the humane thing. Our question is, what would be the prompting of Humility?

Well, what would be the prompting of Pride? Pride always looks out for itself. It wants its own, and seeks its own—its own name, wealth, health, safety, clothes, comfort and way. Pride says, "While I would like the praise for the deed, yet it is too risky. I might die in the attempt." Pride is always funnel-shaped and pours calculation and results in upon itself. Pride might dream of building another hotel less than a square away and gaining the field for financial profit, because of the destruction of the one in

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question. Pride might say, "I would then be manager instead of elevator boy."

What would be the prompting of Humility? Humility is lowliness. With man Lowliness cannot be without Love. Like some birds, always nesting on the ground instead of in the trees, Love always nests in a lowly heart, and from that nest Love hatches such a brood that it is called Grace. God giveth Grace unto the lowly—that is a free, unmerited gift—Grace and Truth came by Jesus Christ. Grace is the current, Truth is the wire, Christ is the dynamo.

Is it not plain that in a sentient, conscious character like man's, no grace can be without producing its legitimate action and expression? If mercy is there, the action or expression will be merciful. If joy is there, it will be joyous, and if Love is there, it will be loving. Then if Love expresses itself, the plainest Christian expression of that is Calvary, where He *lays down* His life, although *extended above* the earth on a cross. Will not the elevator boy when humble go high up to the sixth story to rescue others? For Humility cannot exist a third of a second without Love nesting there. It is always met by God's "now." And Love will act sacrificially.

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What will Humility do in a controversy? Will it answer? Or will it keep still? It will do both. Jesus did. If it is silent, it will be silent in love; if it answers it will speak the truth in love. Humility makes man the highway of God. Will He speak or be silent? When that is settled Humility is rewarded. It looks for God and God's truth to be asserted. Look at Daniel. He was humble enough to die that God and His truth might be asserted, and he was humble enough on that account to refuse to yield to the opponents of God. Up the steps of Humility did this noted brother of ours—the mentioning of whose splendid record brings a blush—make his way to the position of third man in the Kingdom. But forget not that the inquiries and answers which distinguish the record are not about Daniel, but about Daniel's God—"Is thy God able?" "My God hath sent his angel." The humble soul can afford to wait, for God is sure to move over that highway. Who could be so courageous as the humble man?

What of Paul? Here is one saying that he is the least of all saints, yet manager of his captors on the Mediterranean, and assuring them when they are frightened. He com-



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mands, reproves and exhorts; he glories and rejoices, knowing well that God always watches the highway of Humility. He was too reverent to boast, too teachable to usurp, and too confident in God to fawn.

In the controversy Humility has no gates to open and no bridges to repair. The very word by which it is named guarantees a thoroughfare for the assertion of God. And when God speaks, blessed are they who are on that side.

How will Humility affect the servant? The question for the servant is not, "Am I little enough to serve?" but, rather, "Am I great enough?" Why is not the low position as good as the high? How could the location make the worth?

Oh, the majesty of serving! To light of dawn and freshening dews, to guardian care and food for soul and body, to His covenant, atonement, His presence, His promises and more than the most that could be said does *God serve* His creature man.

How did man get so that he did not want to be lowly? By consenting to the temptation of Satan that he should disobey God. Christ, having girded himself with a towel, washed the disciples' feet, conscious that He was their



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*Lord and Master.* To man he looked like a slave, stooping there. But that was not slavery. That was the mastery to which two thousand years pay reverent tribute.

How will Humility affect the Master? Pride wants to manage, right or wrong. Humility wants to obey. Humility would be God's watch-dog, attending to a nod of the head in the parlor as readily as a whistle in the field. It is not fear. Ah, fear, that slyest enemy! Anger and malice carry bludgeons. Fear hides in the pocket. But for scores of years fear will keep men bound and flayed. Humility is not cowardice, though it always *costs*. Worthy masters have all paid the price for mastery. The rock must yield vastly before it can be the wire, grasping and controlling the electric current. The humble master will give directions in love. He himself remembers that his Master is in heaven.

Moreover, foolhardiness has no part with Humility. The foolhardy will leap down the elevator shaft. Humility will run the car. Which is the braver? Men do not always like to consider that they need protection, but they do. Shelter is indispensable. You may pay the rent, sit at the table and sleep in the bed,

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but by no known means can you be the house. You may pay the fare and enjoy the voyage, but by no known means can you be the ship. Foolhardiness would freeze, or smite, or drown you. Humility provides for protection from the weather and mastery over the wares.

Now, it is not the question who can be little enough to be humble. It is, rather, who is *great* enough. Strong and large men go down into lower places than weak and little children. It is a question of trend, rather than size. Art thou great enough to consent that the Holy God shall sway thee as if thou wert His hand, to raise thee high above the throng, or with thee gather the gems in the ocean depths, hidden away miles below sight, so only He shall be glorified? Then the greatness of Humility is the groundwork for such a union with the Infinite.

But are we not taught by the Master to become as little children? Indeed. Yet, that cannot mean that we are to become childish, for we are also taught by our Master to sit down and consider before we build the tower, or engage in the war. The lowly one who became like a little child was also entrusted to work in the vineyard. What is the moral

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characteristic of a little child? We are told that it is teachableness, and doubtless the candidate for the Kingdom of Heaven is teachable. But is it a distinguishing characteristic of a little child to be teachable? How often *little* children are *opinionated*! If the question were asked of one hundred people, which distinguishes a little child more, teachableness or cuteness, would not the majority answer cuteness? But cuteness has not a sufficient moral feature to give us the answer to our question. Is not the distinguishing moral characteristic of a little child *innocence*? However much the child may err, he is not guilty. The Court Room of the Lord Almighty does not report him condemned. Except a man be turned again and be pronounced innocent, he cannot enter the Kingdom of Heaven. Except it is pronounced that there is therefore now no condemnation, the man is not in Christ Jesus. God's kingdom is the heritage of guiltless braves.

Man is great enough to be accounted guilty. He is great enough for God to announce conditions under which he can receive a pardon so full that he becomes as innocent as a little child.

## Greatness

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But is not the Christian exhorted to be lowly? Yes, our Master, too, is lowly. Do we estimate that a single small fraction of His greatness was exchanged for His lowliness? He came down very low to lift us very high, but He did not abandon the greatness of His power to lift. When lowly, by the *finger* of God He cast out devils, and investing His own followers with like lowliness and greatness, said, "By whom do your sons cast them out?" That word rendered lowly is the very word rendered in the text, "Every mountain and every hill shall be made low." It is a picture of how far down in the quest for souls His heart would plunge; but what worth to the descending unless the greatness to bring up what He came for is His? And of what value would any grade of lowliness be to us, unless with the teachableness of soul we are linked to Him in holy greatness, to lift souls up where they become the children of the Highest?

Surely no definition of Humility would be correct which would signify that it was less than a great grace. Humility itself is greatness and not littleness. How it magnifies the essential character of the centurion when he says that he is not worthy that the Lord should

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come under his roof! How great the conception which so estimates our Lord! The Syrophenician woman does not appear poor but rather richer when we hear her say, "Truth, Lord, yet the dogs eat of the crumbs," for now she is great enough to be humble and great enough to appreciate the crumbs. If she thinks so much of them, what must be her estimate of the feast! Humility is so great that when accepted it reveals greatness in its possessor. The teachable are the most likely to learn, the unworthy are the accepters of imparted worthiness, the willing-to-receive are the destined to rule, the humble shall be exalted.

The two sons of Zebedee are asking Jesus for position at the sacrifice of true greatness, because they do not recognize the value of humble service. He does not turn them away from their ambition by pointing out the path of smallness to them. He says, "Whosoever would become *great* among you shall be your minister, for verily the Son of Man came to minister."

Is humility a great grace? Is it costly? Is it mighty? Does character have anything about it more truly invaluable than humility?

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It is not only true that humility is a means of greatness of character, it is of itself great. Neither Faith, nor Hope, nor Love can thrive without that grace which has no puffing up. It is the Teacher of Teachers who says, "*The same is great.*" And He is engaging a little child for an illustration when He says it. (See Luke 9:48.)



## The Broad Man

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### THE BROAD MAN

It is wearisome to sample the unripened thoughts expressing themselves in the phrase, the narrow-minded Christian. Some men run away with a little bite of truth and imagine that they are simply showing forth the elasticity of the whole piece. Calling themselves broad-minded, they are proven the narrowest.

“Let us be rational,” say they. “We do not place any value upon sentiment.” Rational, indeed, but is sentiment irrational? Would two multiplied by two be any more rational than two bouquets of roses added to two other bouquets of roses? Is love in the heart less real than nails on the fingers? There is sentiment in the cut of the hair, the cloth on the dinner table, admiration for children, the glory of the sunset and in the flag of the nation. Why not admit a rational sentimentality, and also a sentimental rationality. If we cannot admit the first of these, our greatest raptures declare our imbecility; and if we cannot admit the second, then adding machines are more nearly ideal than men and



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women. But where is the man who will find in an adding machine a congenial consort?

Who is the broad man? This man who can shout in the streets until he summons to action a score of men to rescue the children from the burning building, and then, entering the room where the wounded child lies speechless, shouts in the same tone of voice again—is he the broad man? Or shall we find breadth represented in the character of the man who, while shouting others into action at the fire, fails not to approach on tiptoe and speak in a whisper where the wounded child is pillowed? There has appeared among us one broad enough to still the stormy waters with a word, and also to take the little children in His arms, or weep at the grave of Lazarus.

Men may be too valorous to be gentle. You may harden your muscle by freezing your arm, but you spoil the arm. Men who boast of being practical, who test everything by the word business, must not forget that the broader character will pray and weep over a wicked city as well as arrange for the feeding of the thousands in companies of fifties and hundreds. Any man who thinks that Jesus represents an unbusinesslike life should read

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again the sixth chapter of Mark's Gospel, verses 35 to 44, and the eighth chapter of Mark's Gospel, the first nine verses. He will find that by selecting eleven verses from those two chapters, and within the compass mentioned, there is business detail, representing

Time,  
Physical Endurance,  
Distance,  
Quantity,  
Rest,  
Order,  
Management of Men, and  
Dispatch.

Yet these characteristics are His who took little children up in His arms and blessed them, who was much in prayer, who spoke much of purity, gentleness, meekness, compassion. Indeed, the incident in the eighth chapter of Mark's Gospel is prefaced with the words, "I have compassion on the multitude."

The Stoics taught the sterner qualities of character, such as valor, honesty, persistence, sturdiness; but Jesus teaches these, and more. He adds compassion, gentleness, love. Beyond the narrowness of stoicism, He spreads out the landscape of a broad character.

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It must not be assumed that the man who has one master is narrow-minded. There should be room enough for any finite nature in an infinite God. If theft and murder and adultery represent the open spaces for breadth in character, then, of course, the man who will not yield to these is narrow. But if these represent diseases so deadly that wherever they touch on a continent they mean ruin, then, of course, they have nothing essentially to do with the dimensions of the continent, for the broader the land and the vaster the population, the more evidence is borne to their horror. And what is true of these more vicious tendencies of a bad life, is true of the devils in the garbs of the angels of light. Characterlessness is not breadth. However broad the character may be, let us settle upon this: Man does not begin a plausible estimate until he begins with character. Indeed, that consideration enters largely into the estimating of a dog or a horse. Character, start there. Human character is God's safety deposit. No angel in heaven and no devil in hell and no man on earth can injure your character. God will not allow anybody to do that, except you. Whatever may be said of reputation, your

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character is, and ever will be, yours. You may stretch a sheet of gutta-percha and break it into fifty pieces, but it is no longer a *sheet* of gutta-percha. You may think to make your character broader, when really you have broken it.

A broad character is too clean for hypocrisy, or boodle, or boasting, or sin. Why should breadth be considered a kind of guarantee for either neglect or positive wrong-doing?

It is a characteristic of old-fashioned orthodoxy that it provides for great things. (The expression "old-fashioned orthodoxy" is not intended to mean strict adherence to every formal statement of some former day which passed as orthodox. You may put new sized eyelets and dent them with new wrinkles into the shoe, or you may lace the shoe up with colored shoelaces if you desire, but let us have the old-fashioned shape, roomy enough for the foot, made of leather tanned to wear, and put together to turn water. Stamp it on the bottom with a modern stamp if you wish, cut the soles or ankles with new curves or corners if you desire; but this is a cold, stormy world; give us something that will really protect.) Old-fashioned orthodoxy teaches that man has a

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great character. It teaches that he is a great sinner, that he has a great Saviour, and that he gets a great salvation. It is a big thing. Using the average interpretations of what is meant by modern liberalism, I could not be a liberalist. Liberalism appears to me to say: "You are not responsible for much; you are uncertain about being capable of much; there is not much required of you; little is provided; you cannot get much, if you get it you will not be sure of it, and if you do not get it you will not fall short of much." Old-fashioned orthodoxy says: "You are great; you are greatly wrong; you are greatly redeemed; you can get what you are redeemed for; you can know it; you can enjoy it; you escape great peril; you receive great glory, and you will never hear the last of it."

The broad man is a forgiven man. He has not evaded the courtroom; he has stood before the Judge and received his acquittal.

The elders in an old Scotch church are said to have been disturbed by the shouting of a brother during religious services. The Scotch minister advised the elders that if they would send the man up to the manse he would cure him of the troublesome practice.

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Arriving at the manse, he hurried him into the reception room and, presenting him with a book of easy science, advised him to read that book, get better informed and shout less.

The shouter was left alone with his book, but soon broke the silence of the house by shouting, "Glory, glory hallelujah!"

The minister, nonplused, hurried into the room and inquired, "What are you shouting about now?"

"Why, something I read in this book made me shout."

"Something in that book!" said the minister. "What can you find there to make you shout?"

Then the shouter, his face beaming with delight, replied: "Why, this book says that in places the sea is three miles deep, and the Bible says that the Lord has cast my sins into the depths of the sea, and if they are three miles down the devil will drown before he can ever bring them up and charge them against me."

The market of public discussion may trade away a good many precious things, but we will do well to hold steadily on to such expressions as "He forgiveth all thine iniquities"; "Through this man is preached unto you the



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forgiveness of sins," and "Thy sins, which are many, are all forgiven thee," before we dispose of them in exchange for the guess, which guilt will not allow the privilege of restfulness.

There is regeneration. The broad man is broad enough to enjoy the love of God. That breadth by which he gets into that enjoyment begins with breadth. The penitent did not step down to be forgiven; he rose up to recognize the influence of his life over his fellowmen, and against his Saviour, and, turning away not from the punishment of wrong but from the wrong itself, he found an answer from the heart of God which took away from him the love for the wrong. He is now a new creature. He has launched into the wealth of infinity and knows that the courses are shoreless.

There is purity. The broad man is a clean man. When we speak of purity we are apt to consider metal, or water, or fabrics. Pure gold is gold, pure water is water, pure silk is silk, a pure heart is a heart. Assailed by ten thousand enemies throwing dirt from every quarter, yet is the man of God confident of a cleansing that cleanseth. Partial chastity must be considered unchastity.



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There is a fullness of the Holy Spirit. The broad man is too broad to attempt to carry out life's programme with his own effort. He is ranging in realms of duty and privilege, where he knows his all but infinite want can alone be met by an infinite supply. There is too much of him to say only that he will try to do right when there is an equivalent equipment for doing right. To him the will of God represents no adversary. He accepts it as his boon. Pentecost is as real to him as the Ten Commandments; the fullness of the Spirit as actual as the atoning blood. You cannot set the standard too high for him. He will aim at it and he will gain assurance.

"The spirit of glory and of God resteth upon you." Oh, to be the *resting* place of so beautiful and so holy a character! Rest, we know, does not always signify a cure for weariness. It is also a preventer of weariness. It is an easy yoke. It is fitness.

What shall be said of the soul upon whom the spirit of glory and of God fits? When glory, ay, when the very spirit of glory is congenial, it would seem that purity, brilliance, splendour, richness, even God's purity, brilliance, splendour and richness, fitted the

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soul. For the word here reading "resteth" is the very same word rendered as a noun in the Saviour's charming pledge to the laboring and heavy laden: "I will give you rest. ' This, too, when the storm beats down so awfully that Peter calls it, just two verses before, a "fiery trial and a time of reproach."

But, after all, what fire can outburn the fire of Pentecost? What reproacher can aggravate him whose name is Comforter? As garnets are gotten from the nests of scorpions, so presence glorious above all jewels is found resting upon the trusting soul when the storm bites. How majestic! "Resteth"!

The Holy Spirit is God revealed the more actually. He is the great interpreter, the teacher who lodges with the student, the giver whose hand ever touches the hand of the taker.

His baptism, His anointing, His filling, are really the providing for the meeting of life's testings in the majesty of peace.

His coming within us and the receipt of power cannot but be cause and effect, since He brings the power with Him.

Now what is the real fitness in the follower of Jesus for the receiving of His power? Is it not weakness?

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Just weakness fully given over to Him. His power is perfected in weakness—weakness with great capacity.

Actual breadth cannot be without a conscious up-welling Christian experience. In a day when many educators proceed as if scholarship were found in upsetting every accepted truth, the broad man will refuse to live on, without knowing how he stands before God. Some of our educators seem to aim at placing the man in the center of a circle on a swiftly moving turn-table, out from which every radius runs directly to a note of interrogation, and the swifter the man is whirled around amid the maze of (???) the more scholarly is he. No wonder men fail to know whether prayer is answered or God is good. No wonder hosannas languish and there is no witness of the Spirit. No wonder sinners are unconvicted and Christians unanointed. This bewildered whirler is too dizzy to credit his own consciousness. Thank God, there is a higher education and a holy knowing.

The broad man will feed his spirit through the word of God. The newspaper professes to be a photograph taker. The magazine is a kind of composite-picture maker. They are

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admittedly wonderful means of distributing information, even after you deduct the false reports from them. But here is a man, who once a day, seven days of the week, surfeits his mind with murders, adulteries, thefts, divorces, boodles, wars, blasphemies, perditions, out of these columns. Is it any wonder that he does not know what he believes? Is it any wonder that such a man becomes so narrow that he discredits the honor of all men, not to say the faithfulness of God? To say the very least in the consideration, the broad man will take plentifully from the Gospel and prayer, an antidote to this poison, and allow at least one day in seven for respite from the dose.

Love will control the broad man. It is not sufficient to say that such a character will be loving. Love will be constraining. Love is not an ornament, Love is alive. Shake hands with it. Surrender to it. Be filled with it. How broad is Love! How mighty! In the family, at great turning points in action, in heaven, how long-lived, far-reaching, unfailing is Love! What is its breadth and length and depth and height? How could a man be a broad man and still be a stranger to the Love of God shed abroad in his heart by the

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Holy Spirit? Could his motives even be large unless he eagerly strove to reach into the wealth of that which originated a mother's heart, a father's affections, Calvary and the ultimate never-concluded glory of the Kingdom whose politics cannot be found either corrupt or inadequate.

What quieting and girding come to the soul when, if the explanation of some newly-found theory is not at hand and the intellect does not quite lead to a restful conclusion, we know that "love is the fulfilling of the law"! We know that we cannot reason to the last analysis; that would require infinite ability; but we can love, love, love. For God's love so great for us is also pledged to be in us.

Immortal love, forever full, forever flowing, free;  
Forever whole, forever shared, a never-ebbing sea.

There is splendid living. What shall be said of the broad man's prayer victory? George Mueller, J. Hudson Taylor, Paul, and a host of others, have placed the question of prayer where even arithmetic bears its tribute. Jesus represents the broad man inviting the poor to His house. Note in that illustration of His the word "because," because they cannot

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recompense thee. He sends His apostles out with the commission, "Freely give." He begins His golden rule with the word therefore, that preceding being a description of God's goodness to men generally, and the rule beginning, therefore, that is, "act like God." Bestow rather than demand. Act as if you owned a universe and could not be sold out. Oh, the rapture of bestowing! A man shall take a steer from the western prairie, convert him into cash, send the cash to India and make twenty little Hindus sing the doxology. He has transposed the steer into an anthem.

Live up to your ideas, redeemed man. Know you not that you shall judge angels? Hear the voice declaring, "To him will I give to sit with me on my throne." Let us get to living.

Once when I came to the main street of a little American city on Saturday I saw there thronging multitudes of farmers and their families, and I said, "They do not get to church much. These are the boys who come to the cities and get drunk. These are the girls who become the prey of the vicious. These mothers are weary; these men are plodders. Let me stand on this corner while



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God shall make of me a broken piece of glass, through which He shall divide the rays of hope that fall from His face, and let me send them home gladdened and saved. But," I said, "am I ready? What shall be my message? What shall be the first sentence?" Then I thought, gladly would I suffer seven years of pain just to be really ready for twenty minutes of this.

We talk of the society of Heaven, but the Christian is represented as a great bestower in eternity. He serves and praises. He is out-turning and out-giving from the midmost. He breaks forth into singing. That is the spring freshet of character. And what a company—the purest, the noblest, the best! Let me ask you, friend, very definitely, and I trust humbly, have you and I table manners for that?

Man is too great to find in form or ceremonial the supply for his soul. Form and ceremonial, like the gifts of nature, may serve him, but they are ever crouching at his feet, rather than rising before his veneration. The Hindu on the Ganges may feel himself safe for the great future because he has come within the territory marked out by the priest as the territory of salvation—as if geography could save him!



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Or, the man dwelling within the provinces of Christendom may, by counting so many beads, or reciting so many prayers, or keeping so many fast days, or going to church so many times, persuade himself that he has gained much for the future life. Indeed, there is a subtle tendency to dismiss responsibility from one's mind by relegating the whole transaction to some priest, or some organization, or some theory. Ritualism may find a welcome as a substitute for contrition and consecration. To pay the priest so much money, rather than meet God with His searching, may be resorted to as a method of easing conscience; or to adopt some form of the expression of Hinduism concerning pain, or sickness, or sin, based upon the consideration that all will ultimately be absorbed in God, and, therefore, excusing a man from actual accountability. This covering of sins may be welcomed even by the intelligent and rich, but man should account himself too great for this. Himself, his character and his God, these represent his efficiency. No ceremonial act, no temple, no flowing water, no city, no Jerusalem, no mountain of Samaria, but a spirit, acting in spirit and in truth—this is man's heritage.

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Jesus did not even signalize Bethlehem as a holy city. He did not even designate Gethsemane as a garden distinguished either for beauty or for continued sacred uses, nor—may I say it?—did He ever pronounce that Calvary, as a geographical location, should be the continued center of any particular virtue. No river is powerful enough, no garden or landscape beautiful enough, no olive trees rugged enough, no uplands, hills or mountains prospective enough, to aggregate the value of character. Turks or Arabs, Mohammedans or Hottentots, Infidels, Hypocrites or Saints may own the real estate, Christ will have the character. With Him, being is more than traveling. With Him, truth, love, faith, peace, hope, sacrifice, obedience, joy, honor, these are broader than all landscapes, costlier than all temples, more potent than all ceremonials, worth more than jewels, and more real than granite.

Now, is there any legitimate sacrament or ceremonial which Jesus honored? Let it trail at the feet in sacred obedience to the character which these graces enrich.

We cannot consent that the broad man shall believe everything in general and nothing in

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particular, that he shall be the latest success in the mimicry of the average deportment of a selected fraction of the population, that he shall call wrong right for to-day and have the shame of his name mentioned under breath to-morrow, that he shall try a little of everything, so be it that he does not become really devout and really does not prove the worth of anything he tries. What would be thought of a man who in the physical realm would require a little of everything, wholesome or poisonous, mixed for his food each day, refusing only good bread? Broad or foolhardy? And what shall be said of the man who insists upon a comparable bill of fare in the moral realm for his character? Ah, the truly broad man does not mix right and wrong. He is no doctrinal hobbyist or stickler for mere terms. But where will he find the finger-boards which point to the horizons of his redeemed life so accurately as in rightly-worded doctrine, and where can he get any statement of the riches of grace which will fit so well or lead to such engaging antecedents or be so generally understood as that given in the oft-emphasized terms of the Bible? He has an open eye for all discovery, but he keeps to the path and reckons

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the danger of the precipice. He has joy to pour out, but it is deeper and richer than tickling. He has a heart for all, but it is for their real welfare. He sees victory lighting all hills, but he never thinks to kindle the lights by his own changeable moods. He would not be content to pose as clever. He is an explorer, tracing the sources of character and noting their courses that he may bless them. He is an inventor, unlocking heart doors and letting woes out and peace in.

He is a member of society, the aristocracy of the skies. He is youthful, he belongs to the new creation. He is rich, but he will not count his wealth in things that will burn and break and vanish. "All things" are his for all necessary purposes, and "all things work together for good" and he "has all and abounds." He is victor in affliction and does not lose his head in prosperity, for he is too great to reckon character-health resultant upon financial massage or the fanning of fame or ease. He is at peace with God and God is infinite, hence his breadth.

We must faithfully recognize the assertion of God, or our thoughts of human life, the Bible and God will all fall hopelessly out of

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proportion. God exists. He also asserts. The created things so clearly reveal Him that idolatry is inexcusable. The Word is so vital with the effort to reveal Him that its points of moderation are in danger of being accounted as exaggeration. The Holy Spirit has come and He does convict of sin, and of sin in its relation to our personal Redeemer, Jesus.

You will hear men talk of their fellowmen as generous and noble, and for those reasons probably sure of victory in the world to come. But the spurious charity which commends in the least narrow self-righteousness in our fellowmen, discounts awfully the assertion of God and also counts God in large measure out from man's recognition. Then future reward, future punishment, the atonement, and holiness all fall the prey to questioning; wrong is condoned rather than condemned and the luster of righteousness is made dim.

Our concern is not so strong in behalf of the man whose standard is lowered and whose thinking is confused by this method as it is on account of the assault it makes against the living, pleading, promising God. You cannot properly raise the estimate of man to a higher grade without glorifying God by raising the

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estimate of His perfection. Startling if not blasphemous is the apparent abandon with which even some who profess to be followers of Jesus speak of the moral standing of their fellowmen as if God would be an intermeddler if He should command recognition, not to say *supreme* recognition. Men talk as if God were not listening. Men speak concerning the affairs dearest to One whom they call their best friend, and quite forget (or else refuse to credit the deeper whisperings within) that shortly they will be talking life's affairs over with Him in what they call prayer—and He will not forget. Narrow liberality! Count God in. Reach into the Infinite. Reckon law as real as mental gymnastics. Recognize Gospel as actually as you do the hodgepodge of thinking. Look up through the boughs. There is a pillar of fire. Awaken. Perhaps your head has been cooled on the stony pillow of adversity. "Lo, God is in this place."







## The Great Book

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### THE GREAT BOOK

There is a literature whose mastery of antiquity is such that over its portals are inscribed the words, "In the beginning," and whose welcomes to investigation and profit in the wealth which it discloses are fittingly set forth by the concluding of its message in the word "freely." Its left hand is thus seen to lay hold of earliest truth, and its right is extended to dispense to the latest need.

It speaks as if it never told all that it knows. It seems to shape an orb of truth the shining from which goes back before all creation, out beyond all dream, down beyond all hope and up into all glory—the orbit of which is fitted to the life of every man.

It speaks to tell what is most needed. It is a law with which to fence the precipice. It is a Gospel with which to paint the fence so that it may be easier seen, better preserved and rendered beautiful. The fence is decorated with rubies.

It deals with public life. The nation, the city, affairs of health and morals of the public are here the objects of law, correction,

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sympathy and blessing. It addresses the race, the tribe, the community as a whole.

Not content to deal with the public life only, it follows the individual into the inner character. It singles out the poorest and vilest as well as the most lofty and refined, and placing an estimate great and high upon each and both, it deals with the secret things of the body as well as those of the spirit. It talks to him within his inner character a whispered message, which behind all external act and form finds its way into the very core of his conscience.

With a strange abandon to its mission, this book reveals no fear in the presence of either antagonists or competitors. As if it disregarded all that might be said or done in opposition to its words, it tells of weakness as of strength, of darkness as of light, of failure as of victory, regarding the existence of its opponents only by the mercy and compassion with which it seeks their ignorance to cure. It accounts for wars and advocates for peace, it tells of sin and champions holiness, it paints at large the awfulness of death, yet urges provision therefor and gives eternal life. It mentions very few other books which bid for claim with or against its own, yet ever again

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it digs the grave and buries deep the things of such it has slain, or sends its light to render luminous the flickering taper set for truth in ancient books. With a "thus saith the Lord," it clears the way for its increasing processions of witnesses out from the mist and down the brightened centuries.

Its abstruse teachings find a swift assent because its plainer truths are borne upon such sympathy, such openness of speech, such love. The reader, like a child whose mother never deceived him, looks into the clouds content to say, "So many days have never failed to shine their brightness forth upon me, though I do not see the sun as yet, that rustle I have heard before, and with confidence I know Truth's day will dawn through all these mists."

Science here is knowledge otherwise unobtainable, except when the character of man is viewed; then every little blade of grass, or hair, or wing of bird, must be explained, until man has enough to guarantee his mastery and peace. To the perishing, the material, the *thing*, it offers least of all. To deathless, regal principle it brings a treatise all its own. It seems like higher science. To deeper depths and loftier heights it leads the way, never to

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report a guess. It sees the invisible, declares the divine; its laboratory is eternity.

Such wealth of simplicity here abounds that whole infinities of truth are lisped in little paragraphs by infant lips, while, uttered by the mentally infirm, their messages have been known to send a new discovery to the lost and benighted listeners.

The very aged, and even the semi-comatose, have gathered hence expression of their peace and joy. "The Lord is my Shepherd," "Jesus wept," "Come unto me," "My grace is sufficient," "I know whom I have believed," "In the beginning God," and "I will never leave thee," these are but a few kernels from the granary of plain, food-fitting truths for simple minds of which this book gives such an immense supply. Acceptable and understandable like water, air or food, these precious simplicities are offered here.

This book is highest literature. It is also alphabet. Its simplicity ends before it wearies us, and its abstruseness charms rather than distracts us. How serene its beamings, how terrible its thunderings! Its scope is adequate.

It has a soul. Literatures there are of faultless grammatical construction and exact

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in illustration, and withal the outpourings of deeply wrought thinking, but they are dead.

You read them, but they fail to breathe. Their dawns are things of canvas. Eyes have they, but they see not, neither speak they with their mouths. Their beauty you admire, but they were still-born. This book calls you, it seems to know your name and history, and even when you run from its approach its hand is found to press upon your character that surely it may embrace you. It is a thing of love as well as life. You read it and say, "Who told you all?" When Mr. Edison experimented (it is said) he spoke into the telephone and with his fingers near the wire felt a pricking, and that led to the phonograph. What millions of our race will testify that the voice within this book pricked the very conscience when in sin! It is the book of

### THE GREAT INVITATION

"Come unto me all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest.—Come now, and let us reason together, saith the Lord: though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow; though they be red like crimson, they shall be as wool.—For God so loved the

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world, that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have eternal life.—He that spared not his own Son, but delivered him up for us all, how shall he not also with him freely give us all things?—Come, for all things are now ready.—He that will, let him take the water of life freely.” Matt. 11:28; Isa. 1:18; John 3:16; Rom. 8:32; Luke 14:17; Rev. 22:17.

O precious book! Like a mother with the inhabitants of Christendom for her family! Betimes she seems beloved by all. No disturbing frown nor complaining word meets the charm of her smile. Her very name is costly ointment. They hear her entranced and exchange looks of approval and delight. They calmly stroke the very garments with which her precious form is clad. They embrace her. They kiss her. They say good-night so wrapt in fondness they scarcely know they live, so conscious of the loveliness of her. The sorrows of the day, its pains, its hunger and its tears are deeply drowned within the floods of melody with which her lullaby abounds. They wake to prove her counsel good. Her plans invite their highest hopes and fill the new day's



## The Great Book

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light with bliss. If she reproves, it wakes their souls to tenderness. How could they grieve an object of such love! Oh, she is balm for wounds. Her kisses cure the pain, and when she quotes a rhyme, or tells a tale, the smiles crowd off the tears and laughter claims the music of their voices. Their very actions say, "How good, how great, how true, how blest this mother is!" They cannot quite explain it all. She is to them the gift, the messenger of God, and when they walk the street together, the children of the neighborhood look on and dream. They say, "How lovely such a family!" Her name is at the tables of the town a perfume sweet with love.

And then betimes her children are so changed. They think her harsh. They plot to cross her will. They think her hardly wise or true. So changed! They cry, they curl the lip, they hide and fail to answer when she calls. They steal away that they may do their naughty deeds, they connive not to meet her. So changed! They say her garments do not fit, her face is homely and her voice is harsh. Their plans are better far than hers. Her counsels, promises and ways are out of date. So changed! The clouds are thick between



## Greatness

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her preciousness and them. Their hail is pelting on her head. And yet she changes not. This Mother-Book forgives, provides, directs and saves. She changes not. Anon they change again, and now to them she is most dear, most sweet. The children's cherishing again is seen. Her charm is o'er their neighbors cast, till lo, her sway they too accept and forth from men of every tribe is heard the cry, "This Book is ours, from Him who made a mother's heart."

"Most wondrous book, bright candle of the Lord,  
Star of eternity! the only star  
By which the bark of man could navigate  
The sea of life, and gain the coast of bliss  
Securely; only star which rose on time,  
And, on its dark and troubled billows still,  
As generation, drifting swiftly by,  
Succeeded generation, threw a ray  
Of heaven's own light, and to the hills of God,  
The everlasting hills, pointed the sinner's eye.  
This book, this glorious book, on every line  
Marked with the seal of high divinity,  
On every leaf bedewed with drops of love  
Divine, and with the eternal heraldry  
And signature of God Almighty stamp'd  
From first to last, this ray of sacred light,  
The lamp from off the everlasting throne,  
Mercy took down, and in the light of time  
Stood, casting on the dark her gracious bow,  
And even now beseeching men, with tears  
And earnest sighs, to read, believe, and live."

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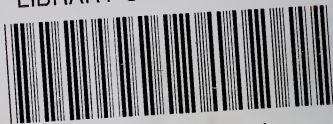
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